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of analysis—the idea of the traditional *a priori*—is a claim which finds no place in the newer method and no justification in the logic which it applies.

To be sure, it is reasonable to suppose that as deductive analysis conquers successively larger and more varied fields of fact and brings these special fields into consonance by explanations of a higher order, the number of possible modes of development will be restricted. Perhaps finally, when human wisdom shall be summed up in an all-embracing and systematic deduction of everything, only one such analysis will be found possible and adequate. But an eventuality so remote does not warrant serious consideration.

It is just in the notion that the most general questions are presently capable of unique solution by a deductive procedure that traditional rationalism commits its glaring error. The fact is, of course, that the method is more applicable to subordinate questions than to such general problems. It is only when our knowledge of proximate facts becomes fairly comprehensive, detailed, and exact, that deductive analysis is capable of rendering valuable service. But it is also just to remark that it is precisely where no such procedure is applicable that the results of philosophic investigation are least subject to logical criteria and, consequently, most liable to error. The most general problems of philosophy are a field for speculation rather than proof. Yet even here, the mental habit which this method enforces—the search for explanation through analysis and open-minded consideration of alternative possibilities—has a value which should not be disregarded.

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THE ESTHETIC HERESY

THE basis of life is natural and hence, or at least at the same time, irrational. The basis I mean quite literally. That is we grow out of a subhuman, subrational matrix, and we are composed of impulses, instincts—whatever they are to be called—which simply are there and work, one of them being that irrational element of our makeup that we call reason—say the instinct of reason. It is the development of this that shows us that not all of our impulses can be gratified at will, or rather as they make themselves felt, as they just occur. For on the one hand they are seen to conflict with each other; and on the other hand our powers of representation put before us gradually a series of ideas that we hold together in the end as ideals—finished-off representations in

the mind of desirable states to be in, desirable activities to be at, desirable conditions to have realized—satisfactory consummations appropriate to human beings living with other human beings in this world. But to realize such consummations we see at once, or at least in time and at length, requires not only technically expert activities possible to our capacities, but the actual control or even repression of many impulses in the interest of others. Thus on two grounds we have to judge and weigh natural impulses, to repress some, to encourage others, and always under the guidance of the rational impulse itself, which by means of science indicates real possibilities and by means of logic and reflection—imagination, that is, or the powers of representation—distinguishes desirable ends. Thus the instinctive life of impulse itself is “rationalized” by one of its own fundamentally irrational, that is unaccountable, impulses or instincts.

Now this makes of life a purely earthly affair to be justified on purely naturalistic principles; life is good if it is humanly satisfactory. There are no other more rational criteria by which to judge its value. The valuable life is just that life which a rational creature values, prefers. And valuing and preference are ultimately irrational and simply given, not at birth, of course, but at any particular time at which a human being *has* a preference.

Nor does this make life any the less noble or beautiful or fine or divine. For all these words have merely the meanings given them by human imaginations. Nor are the values of life less real because they are given to it by man himself. In fact, these man-given values are all that life ever has had or could possibly be meant by us to have. For *all* value is given by man; it is the man-invented name for what men want. Beauty and goodness and truth do not occur in reality as such. Reality is real and out there and independent of us, for we are simply parts of it and no more real than the other parts. But we react instinctively to reality as it comes to us through the senses, and certain sights and sounds for example we like. As we grow more expert at seeing and hearing we like more complex sights and sounds. And so on to esthetic appreciation of the highest type, that is of the most complex sort, involving more intricate co-ordination mentally and quicker and more acute perception.

So too acts and characters are seen to be good as they serve human interests. If there were no interests, one act would be as good as another. And so even of truth. It is a quality of human judgments involving a relation between an actual fact which simply is and the mental recognition of the fact. The facts

are merely; the recognition and the expression of them satisfy us, have the sort of value that we call truth.

But the criterion in all these cases is esthetic; it is direct contemplation satisfactory to the contemplating mind. So that the only source of value is a mind satisfied with a particular object in its contemplation, and the only test of value such satisfaction. All value is thus essentially esthetic in a sound and useful—not to say in the only consistent—meaning of the word *esthetic*.

It would follow from this that the typically happy human activity is the enjoyment of art, both in the making and as completed. More than this, it would follow that artistic activity is the sole satisfying vocation of man, that technical training in the arts is the first human want and the last, that the methods and processes of the arts are the first interest of science, and that the one pressing business of philosophy, now that we may fairly claim to be rid of ghosts and spirits and heavens, is to take seriously this sole desirable occupation of men on earth. As men live but once, so far as we know, they may well ask an honest, straightforward account of life, in which it would appear that the proper employment of intelligence is the attempt to gain happiness.

But this is going beyond our authorities. We began with nothing more than modern naturalism—Santayana's, in the main, with some little support from the realists. But the trail all at once grows dim; for it seems that in philosophy we are really for some reason not to take art seriously, that we are not to seek our happiness as it so clearly lies before us; that after all the sense in which all value is esthetic is a heretical sense, and that the actual content of the liberal life is not the subject matter of orthodox, or say authentic, philosophy.

That we should not mainly seek our happiness seems to be sheer asceticism or even puritanical evasion, characteristically negative and indirect; it is the creed of spirits rendered illiberal by the exhaustion of their forces in a struggle to establish the bare conditions of a happy life, the conditions necessary to merely living on the earth among men. And heretics indeed we are to call value itself esthetic and to make philosophy the servant of art, and at the best one of its forms. Santayana himself is a case in point; the anomaly of his being a New England philosopher is offset by that other anomaly, that he was allowed to escape from the wealthiest and most powerful of New England's universities. Both anomalies are easily explicable in terms of heresy; heretics can appear only where there is an orthodox faith, and heretics are no less eager for their freedom than is an orthodox community to be purged of them. Santayana's very concept and practise of

philosophy is tainted by this esthetic heresy. His calm aloofness in the *Life of Reason*, combined with the last degree of alertness in observation and steady keenness of insight—what is this but the assumption of the esthetic attitude in philosophical criticism?

But there is no need of confusing issues. It is not Santayana's type of thinking that needs defense; all that he lacks is adequate and intelligent, but also inevitable, appreciation. Moreover, so far as possible, I should wish not to defend my case but to give it away. It must win of its own crude and obvious weight. The fact simply is that modern naturalism and modern value-theory put art and the technique of the arts in a new light. For if they make anything clear, they make clear the sense in which all value is esthetic; and more than this, the sense in which the criterion of value is esthetic. For what do we value? That which, to turn Aristotle to our uses, the natural man finds valuable, the natural man acting in accordance, not, as we should put it, with virtue, but in the intelligent prosecution of means, in accordance with the technique of the arts. And how shall we recognize such value? By being properly trained, to use Aristotle again, but esthetically, not morally. Stealing or boasting or lying we shall refrain from in the end because these activities are not objects of satisfied contemplation to the well trained man. And so we should dispose of most of the moralities. They are negatives, ways of acting ruled out of the lives of those who rationally contemplate human activity among men in our condition of enlightenment, ruled out as simply not what we want on earth, not our preference, not what, our human interests at heart, we with delight could contemplate—not, therefore, what we can rationally do. If our faculty of representation has given us ideals, the gift has been accompanied by a painful but sure process of elimination. One does not become sensitive to music without increasing one's sensitiveness to noise; if one finds monogamy a bore, it may easily be rather a sign of early confusion than a case of mature irrationality.

For positive content we turn to the same criterion. What *can* we contemplate with delight? And by what means are we able to contemplate *anything* with delight? The answer to the first question is, Works of art. To the second, it is Aristotle's old answer, By training. But it becomes clear that the training is best described as one in artistic technique, and that is also the only training for esthetic contemplation. Neither as to the nature of this content nor as to the mode of this training do the philosophers help us much. Great effort has been devoted to enlightening us morally; very little to exhibiting the content of the good life. Men have of course had to be absorbed in the mere means to living;

but ethics has been so devoted to a study of these conditions for barely existing side by side with our fellows in the world, that the ends of an earthly existence—except as these have been supposed to be unearthly—are mostly neglected, not to say forgotten altogether.

Even Socrates does not take the matter seriously, for surely a liberal life is more than the most completely honest and the most highly successful inquiry into the nature of ourselves and into our ideas of the good. A liberal life would employ the results of such inquiries to its own ends; and we should construct not states to live in, with Plato, but life in the state. Spinoza too remains, as Santayana says, a Levite in sentiment. He would have us love God with all our hearts or at least with all our intellects, but he would not fashion a God for us to love. He could not even with geometry construct a life very much worth living; he gives us rather a mode of noble death, a dignified and gentle resolution into the All of which we shall continue to be appropriate and perhaps less accidental attributes. Indeed the great satisfying content of his own human life—and this of course was true too of Socrates—was friendship, an art we no longer cultivate. An accidental, happy part of life friendship still is; but the very term we avoid as sentimental, and to call friendship an art suggests the sort of straightforward cultivation of our own happiness that is the very heart of the esthetic heresy. As if to trust to chance were more stalwart, more worthy of success, more likely to succeed, than an intelligent pursuit of ends.

Of course ends beyond our life and nature have been proposed. They are the sort that philosophy has usually found worthy of attention. But we can no longer keep our eyes fixed on supernatural goals. Our visions are not those of the saints. Naturalists and realists are neither visitors on earth nor spectators at a divine comedy in which they also play the parts. Our interest in the physics of this sphere is not casual amusement, nor even intellectual stimulation. We are not tourists about to return to a native land where the laws of mechanical science will be merely curious souvenirs of travel. We live in a few years of time, not in eternity. What life may be *sub specie æternitatis* seems to us a trivial concern, for we are beginning to know our minds, and what we seek is thirty or forty years of happiness on earth.

Aristotle does indeed take this good life as the subject matter of philosophy; but who does not feel the insidious drought of his happy intellectual contemplation? We do of course find scientists to-day who are alive, active, enthusiastically intent on their investigations; but the very heart of all this activity is a technique.

The logic of science has become an art; mathematics itself is a structure which we build, and if its elements once chosen give us inevitably one structure, still we are free to choose other elements, as architects build of wood or stone or steel varying edifices. As for the laboratory man himself, what is he but a skilful artist, dominated and often disappointed by the exigencies of fact and the nature of what he handles, as every artist is limited by his medium, but happy, if he is happy, in the delicate technique of his laboratory art, of his laboratory ritual? It is as science has thus in two directions become art that it has given new life to philosophy and to philosophers. The new logic is still logic, no doubt, but it is the artist-scientist-logician that has given it its fresh vigor; the overwhelming weight of esthetic considerations in modern logic is as clear as the predominance in science of the laboratory method itself.

One more example of the happiness attained in technique, its lasting satisfactoriness even when its achievements are not our conventional objects of art. Where has religion in our times its strength? Not, I think, in Protestant countries. If natural beings are to cling to supernatural ideals, these ideals must at least be present in some satisfying natural form. If men are to hold to myths in days of scientific disillusionment, then the myths must be embodied by a technique itself satisfying in practise. Who is not intrigued by Catholic ritual? Who would not now and then be the priest with his robes—and his rubrics? Or even the acolyte with his censer and his occasional responses? Who has not wished himself trained to a monastic rule, with a divinely ordered life of prayer and contemplation and gardening? If one is not drawn by these fascinations, how else at least are we to account for the satisfaction that men find in the ways of modern Catholicism except by admitting that to human beings such ordered structures as masses and music and monastic rules are perennially satisfying, as mere knowledge, for example, is not? And these structures are both created and appreciated—practised, so to speak—only upon a foundation of the most rigorous technical training.

But here the voice of the objector breaks in, the voice of the moralist, the protestant, the economist, the reformer. The world has work to do; to get the task even organized for doing men must wake from reveries and retreats to their social and economic responsibilities. Human suffering is more widespread than ever before; reactionary politics are upon us so that even our established political liberties are in danger, and if the reactionaries are not successful in their encroachment on our rights, and even more certainly if they are, society itself seems likely to break up and its

institutions to tumble down upon us and bury us in the débris of our own civilization. But philosophy has to do with the defining of ends. A philosopher shows at best his natural and perhaps intelligent human interest when he turns with others to means. At worst he may show himself a fool rushing in where the very political economists fear to tread. As a human being let him be interested; let him play the fool, for that matter, if he chooses. But if he neglect the pressing needs of philosophy he will be neglecting his own particular business. The end of man is neither production nor distribution nor the state; but the end of man is of necessity esthetic.

If the modern soldier has come home demoralized, unfit for offices and department stores and college teaching, it may be that in contrast to so mechanical a life as ours war itself has indicated to him his creative possibilities, creative activity turned in the very worst direction, but after all creative, skilfully constructive of means to an end clearly imagined. In having an end towards which it intelligently and energetically works war is more rational, more adapted to technically expert human activity, than most of our life in peace. And one who has once been dominated by an end and thus had a real criterion of all effort can hardly be content again to work in the dull round of means, where in the very nature of the case there is no value to be found. If peace is to offer a life worth the trouble, it must offer men rational activity governed by the human end which we call happiness, activity rendered expert by training in a technique of accomplishment. If we are not to have men secretly preferring the activities of war we shall have to find them rational activities in peace; we shall have to offer them training in the technique of the arts, where the end is defined in idea. As a matter of fact war can be trusted to pall, for war is not finally rational; it is inhuman, suicidal. But so is much of industry, apparently, and much study and teaching. If we are trying to point out the end of human endeavor, we need not be afraid to turn to art.

That we *are* afraid is obvious. We put what we call moral values always first, and they are for us usually not values at all; we mean by moral ends conformity of one sort or another—at the best, perhaps, conformity to such rules as are themselves means to social life, to the existence of communities, and so, in a populous world, means to any human existence at all. Or we erect the humanitarian motives into ends. Or we pretend that what men most value is what is accessible to most men under present conditions, or what could be made so. As if we were not creatures of a certain sort, our preferences ultimately determined by the capacities of a

given organic structure, and our happiness dependent upon a training in the use of those capacities to the full.

Such distrust of art is justified if art is limited to what is contained in museums or what is given us at concerts; for this is usually not ours at all, and it is, besides, finished. It is not a field for creation; and we are largely incapable of the seeing or hearing that is required to enjoy it. How many of us can follow even the succession of themes in a new symphony? How many of us see the painting in pictures? We roughly see forms more or less familiar or pleasant; we dream ourselves away over unheard harmonies. But we do not see or hear artistic activity or even finished works of art as such; we are not in the alert state of esthetic contemplation. On the whole for most of us art is a very different sort of thing from musical composition or the appreciation of painting. In practise our nearer approach to it is more likely to be the correct "driving" of an automobile in the traffic, the neat rolling of a cigarette, the perfectly correct playing of a hand at bridge or the expert attention to a base-ball game. All of which are either very low forms of art or suitable to very immature minds; but all of which have definite esthetic value, however slight one may think it.

And clearly we do not intend to give up these esthetic elements in our life. How could we be expected to, without a substitute at hand? If they are childish, they have still the elements of art. If American life is anywhere pleasant to dwell on, it is in just these happy, natural, childish phases—at base-ball games, on noisy but sometimes well managed streets, in its commonplace but comfortable houses and apartments, at its crude but after all really enjoyed dances. If college class-rooms are barren places, and the intellectual life at our universities so often a pale sort of farce, there is at least no lack of genuine attention, accurate and expert and absorbed, to be lavished on college sports. And where life is already, there new life is to be sought. Only life breeds life. If we are crude, immature artists, we still are artists whenever we are really awake and happy and our characteristic human selves. If college athletics are good for nothing else, they may serve to indicate that alert, expert contemplation of a technical activity, as well as the devoted prosecution of that activity for its own sake, is as native to human nature in America as we are told that it was to the theatre-going, temple-creating Athenians or to the artists of Medici Florence.

What all these expert activities teach us about art itself seems to me plain enough. Technique is an integral element not only in the creation of works of art but in their enjoyment, and the

critical rigor with which we Americans enjoy base-ball and bridge-playing may show us how stupidly pretended and indirect is our relation to galleries and concerts. If we are indifferent to these the cure is not in pretending interest or even in merely trying to be interested; it is in learning the technique of the arts that we wish to be interested *in*. Not that this will inevitably make us competent artists, but that without it we can not approach anything as art; without it we can not even enjoy contemplation, we can not find life's content valuable, or be happy to live. To be a good carpenter—as Jesus perhaps was—or to be an adequate first-baseman, or say a billiard-player of attainments, as Spencer was not—any of these is a more likely way to an adult love of great art than is the study of galleries if you have never learned the rudiments of painting. For the one, if at a great distance, lies at least in the right direction—the direction that intelligent technical activity takes towards an intended end. The other leads nowhere, or rather it is the direct road to the senile inanities of critical pretense. It is the sort of procedure that lets men spend whole lives in the respectable and diligent study of verbal renderings of such experience as may and very often does remain entirely outside their acquaintance. It is the sort of cultivation that New Yorkers think native to Boston. But it is—happily for nothing but the making of our point—present wherever there are scholars of the most familiar type. It is that thorough and scrupulous substitution of learning for life, of signs for things, of words for meanings, that finds the translation of ancient poetry into a sort of semi-modern prose more interesting than reading or writing verse. It cultivates the frame of mind that can smile at what it might call the quixotic immaturity of Jane Addams, for example, while it lists obscure evidences of erudition in a bibliography of literary criticism. So devoted is it to the art of literature, whose business, I believe it says, is to render in form the essence of life itself.

In all manner of ways it is clear enough, however, that we are a trifle disaffected towards our typical American forms of life and its enjoyment; we are more and more aware of the meagreness and immaturity of their esthetic content. We find that life is exhausting and somewhat futile in our cities, that our businesses and industries are hardly adequate opportunities for human development. We are cynical even about base-ball. And this was to be expected. We have seen in the Europe of our very disillusion a suggestion of more accomplished and civilized ways. We are reaching a point where we ask some satisfaction for our souls, not in the conquest of a continent—we can talk across it now—nor in the achievement of wealth and the balance of trade—it is hard to see in just whose

favor such a balance lies. Where are we to turn? To rearrangements no doubt of a thousand sorts; to political and economic and engineering remedies; to the worker's share in the control of industry about which we are so often informed of late; to all the complicated ways and means for living in the world with each other. But if we pretend to be philosophers we must see these things as the mere means that they are, and it remains for us to point out ends, to indicate the source of value. Value comes from men's genuine desires; value is esthetic; men are first of all artists. Life when it is lived in fulness and in happiness consists in rational and expert artistic activity.

Our ritual of comfort and luxury, the technique of our sports and our alert critical appreciation of them, these suggest our artistic possibilities. And our dreadful pseudo-appreciation of the higher arts, the arts that have in the history of civilization really satisfied grown men of developed minds or developed crafts—this indicates not indeed the proper way to satisfy our needs, but in its very falseness it shows our genuine craving for satisfaction. If Michelangelo's funeral gave Florence more life and beauty and entertainment than all his works give us, that is not a reason for despair or for blank gazing at the Pietà, or say prints of it or plaster reproductions. Our art will grow from our life or else never be either ours or art at all. We shall have first to turn our energy from one technique to another, from that of ball playing to that of more mature and permanently satisfying activities, activities that produce such things as men ultimately value. Our children can just as well be taught to dance and sing as allowed to play, and our college men might thus some day come to take seriously and admire—even enjoy—the technique of arts that they have practised from childhood, as they now admire the athletic skill that they are familiar with in their own bodies. At least it seems clear that if this does not happen we shall have blundered in the worst of all ways. For misplacing values, not divining what human beings can finally be happy over, not seeing what they really love, not knowing their true interests, is to mistake their ends, to distort for the time their sense of value, and to bring them surely to grief—to cynicism and brutality, if not to actual destruction.

And it is here that a modern theory of value is worth what it has cost in the way of cherished illusions. The theory is indeed little more than an elaborate rendering, somewhat painful and academic, of one of the innumerable insights of New England's heretical philosopher. A few paragraphs of the *Life of Reason* con-

tain the heart of the matter. Not that the academic account is a plagiarism; it has its own scrupulousness and its own niceties, which are no mean achievement. But it ends in the same heresy. It gives us nothing new of course; we are scarcely in search of novelties in value, we could wish the truth. And the truth here is plain. Science and religion as they are happily practised are arts. The creditable and satisfying parts of modern American life are essentially artistic. Men can be happy only as artists, because to be happy men must function at the top of their bent with an end in view. The name for this sort of functioning is artistic creation. We are not all to be sculptors like Michelangelo. We are not even all to be designers of a fitting funeral and biographers of our hero, like Vasari; but we can none of us have genuine human happiness unless we seek our proper human ends. These ends only are valuable; these ends are esthetic as value itself is esthetic; and these ends are achieved only by artists. The esthetic heresy turns out to be the first dogma of a modern philosophy.

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REVIEWS AND ABSTRACTS OF LITERATURE

A Fragment on the Human Mind. JOHN THEODORE MERZ. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1920. Pp. xiv + 309.

A book, despite the modest characterization of it as a "fragment," written by the distinguished author of *A History of European Thought in the Nineteenth Century*, must necessarily command attention. And when such a book announces itself in the preface as voicing the author's doctrinal preferences, it can hardly fail to arouse a sympathetic interest. Yet, despite the historical erudition and the lucid style so characteristic of the author, the present treatise leaves one rather disappointed. Is this, one asks, *der Weisheit letzter Schluss*? Profound indeed are many of the author's reflections, but his general attitude towards the fundamental issues in philosophy is neither novel nor critical.

The thesis of the book is the familiar thesis of subjectivism stated uncompromisingly thus: "All knowledge, of whatever kind it may be, is contained for every individual person within the range of his own consciousness. The horizon of any person's mind contains everything that exists so far as he is concerned. There is nothing in the world for any of us but that which we in some way or other mentally experience—such experience being of various kinds, such as Sensations, Perceptions, Ideas, Emotions, Desires, Volitions or Feelings in general. These all together in their existence within our